

THE OREAD



FACULTY NUMBER

June 1917

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SOCIETY

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Rutland, - Vermont

The Oread

VOL. X

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NO. 6

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The Faithless Faculty

This is the Faculty Number
Of the High School Oread.
The paper needs material,
Indeed it needs it bad,
The members of the faculty
Supposed to write it all
Have gone and flunked upon their jobs
And *never sent a scrawl!*
So we'll get up a number
And we'll be most mighty mean
We will use the worstest grammar
That they've ever, ever seen
We will teach 'em, as they taught us
Not to let the moments fly
But to catch 'em and to use 'em
As they flutter swiftly by
For if they had spared a moment
(They will doubtless wish they had)
They could easily have written
Something for the Oread.

Advice to the Faculty

Our Faculty is open to criticism upon a most vital point. We are illuding to the impolite, even cruel manner in which they convey to us the fact that our knowledge in their classes resembles that of a hole without a doughnut and that our honored presence is no longer necessary. The delicacy with which most of them perform this disgusting talk is the principal reason that most of us like to be straightened out by Mr. O'Brien. Now here is a man who "flattens" us in the proper method, never twice in the same way and always selecting from his choice vocabulary, the proper mandates varying from "this way out" or the Germans will welcome you," to "pick up your bed and walk," (thereby showing that he reads the good book now and then!) But even here an objection can be raised for we all know that "Obie" believes the German U boats should give warning before they sink a ship but—pff—goes his verbal torpedoes and we have a vacation of anywhere from 40 minutes up to a week. Quoting Portia we would suggest that you season your justice with mercy Mr. O'Brien.

Scandal In Heaven

A member of the faculty,
(Who'll not be called by name
Because she might get angry
And we'd have to bear the blame)
When she goes up to Heaven
And meets the noble Ceasar
We don't know 'zactly what he'll do
But like as not he'll squeeze 'er hand, and gently say,
"I've been most impatient waiting for this grand and glorious day!"
For you see in ancient Latin
She is such a perfect shark
That to talk to her (for Ceasar)
Will be one long happy lark.

P. S.—We don't know a thing about it,

If you wish to you can doubt it,
But we think that maybe she has done, that sort of thing before
That she's heard a gentle tapping, as of someone gently rapping
And on her way to see who might be standing at the door
She has (Oh! the little scamp) dimmed the brightly burning lamp
To be ready for the worst, she believes in Safety First!

The Great Impossibility

We realize that you scholars do not think that we are exactly human, but on a warm spring day we too feel the tuggings of the desire to get away from the school routine.

But the chance never would have presented itself if we had not been summoned to a special teacher's meeting at eight o'clock one breezy May morning. The business of the meeting however was destined never to be settled, for Miss Sherman, with a wistful glance out of the window, said longingly,

"Wouldn't it be fun to skip?"

"Not such a bad idea at that," rumbled Mr. O'Brien.

"Children, children!" gently reproved Miss Purdon, but with a twinkle in her eye.

"O, to think of teaching on a day like this," sighed Miss Ballou.

However it was Miss Johnson who made the proposition we all stared, gasped, and then,

"Exactly that!" shouted Miss Fritz.

Two minutes later the janitor was the sole occupant of the High School Building. Five minutes later a group of bundles and baskets assembled on the corner of North Main Street accompanied by the faculty.

"Better count noses," said Mr. Abbott.

The results were as follows:

Miss Meldon—preferred gardening

Mrs. Harmon—heard Junior calling.

Miss Temple—with a neat package.

Miss Purdon—with a generous basket.

Miss Bagley—with a miniature suit case.

Miss Sherman—with a gay bag.

Miss Johnson—with suspicious looking bottles

Miss Ballou—with a parasol and a lunch box.

Mrs. Lord—with a covered tin pail.

Mr. Gerrish—with a genial atmosphere.

Mr. Bridges—with a hungry look.

Mr. Abbott—with an anxious grin.

Mr. O'Brien—with an appetite as usual.

Miss Fritz—with sundry interesting bundles

For once we thanked our stars that scholars are late to school but we didn't breathe easily until we were in the fields, out of sight of houses.

As we swung gaily across the fields, Miss Bagley suddenly exclaimed,

"What a picturesque little well!" drawing our attention to a barrel sunk in moss, for what is more charming than a mossy well with mirrorlike surface? Emulously each one of us sought the first glance. Miss Ballou reached the goal first, only to topple backward in a dead faint. Mr. Abbott hastened forward with the intention of getting water to revive her, but why did he suddenly stop and gaze with horrified expression?

"O," exclaimed Mrs. Lord, "Water! Water! quick!" and she dashed to the well, but (mirabile dictu) she is turned aside from her purpose and turned back in sudden dismay. Miss Temple with a disgusted look now proceeded to get the water. At her horrified shriek Miss Ballou was forgotten and all rushed to the well. Miss Bagley wrung her hands while Miss Fritz murmured plaintively,

"The flower of the flock!"

There peacefully reposing in his watery grave, his troubles o'er, lay somebody's darling—a tiger cat.

Amid the general confusion that followed we heard a great sigh and turning we perceived Miss Ballou slowly raising herself from the ground.

With spirits somewhat subdued, our little party walked on. Soon we approached a level plain which forest girded on all sides with curving hills. Here Mr. Gerrish seated himself on a high bolder in the midst of our truant crowd and suggested that those who wished to contend in a rapido pedum cursu.

The competitors assemble, Miss Fritz and Miss Purdon among the first, Miss Sherman beautiful in her youthfulness, and with Miss Johnson the ranks were filled. Mr. Gerrish then called for prizes and when Miss Temple handed him a bag of sugar cookies he exclaimed,

"All shall receive a prize."

After these words were spoken they chose their places, and at the signal they darted forward like a storm cloud. Far before the others flew Miss Fritz swifter than the wings of a thunder bolt. Next but at a distance followed Miss Purdon. Then Miss Sherman with Miss Johnson close at her shoulder. And now they neared the goal, when Miss Fritz, unfortunate seeker of glory, stumbled on a hidden stone and fell to the green turf. Rising she unintentionally tripped Miss Sherman, who by this time had outstripped Miss Purdon. The race was now between Miss Johnson and Miss Purdon. Suddenly

Miss Johnson's eyes rested on the cooky bag, and filled with a desire for the prize she darted forward swifter than an arrow, and gained the goal amid the applause of all.

With a benign smile Mr. Gerrish distributed the prizes, giving one to each contestant and the remainder to Miss Johnson.

Mr. O'Brien who all this time had an anxious eye on the lunch baskets now proposed that we hit the trail for a campfire and grub. So on we went until we discovered a suitable spot for a fire. Around the friendly blaze, with marshmallows, hotdogs, bacon and ginger ale the hours sped swiftly away. Absolute harmony reigned until the shadows began to fall. Then our pleasant party had to break up and homeward we wended our way by a different route which Miss Temple assured us was shorter. All went well until we reached a high board fence where the trouble came. All clamored gaily over all but Mrs. Lord. Fearful of losing her equilibrium she paced back and forth, like a caged tiger vainly seeking a loose board in his cage. There was nothing to do but climb, so climb she did. Elated at her success she jumped to the ground amid general approval. But alas, one foot rested on a rolling stone, for a second only. The next thing we saw was a crumpled heap from the depths of which came a moan,

"Get The Doctor!"

Thro' not The Doctor or any doctor, Mr. Bridges hastened to the rescue and with Mr. O'Brien's strong-armed assistance also, Mrs. Lord managed a slow and painful hobble.

Now thronged around us visions of angry schoolboards, wondering scholars, and wrathful parents. Hours passed before we reached North Main. Here the sad and chastened group prepared to separate. Now spoke Mr. Abbott. "Forsitan olim et haec meminisse juvabit"

Amid the general sigh we heard the distant clock chiming ten.

"Heavens!" exclaimed Miss Temple, "It's after half past nine!"

THE FACULTY.

We are a crowd, jolly and gay

We laugh and we smile all the long day,

You say you don't see it, you just can't believe?

Why children, you're simple, we laugh up our sleeve.

THE FACULTY.

Hazing Harrison

A story not about the Faculty but one some of them will appreciate



HE Sophomores absolutely couldn't "phaze" Ned Harrison. He had entered Brighton University the preceeding September, as green as the rest of the fellows of his class. He had been put thru the usual stunts but he had had as much fun out of it as the Sophs themselves and hadn't been real mad yet. His case was a sticker.

"What do you say, Joe?" asked Albert Foye, '19 as he encountered one of his classmates on the campus, "to this young Harrison? We simply can't rush him regular style; he's too good natured."

"I know," enjoined all. "We paddled him, we made him do everything to get a fellow's goat. How good naturedly he sang a solo in his pajamas from the top of the fire-escape! Prexy was rather sore but Ned seemed to enjoy it as much as the audience."

At this moment several other fellows joined them. "Talking of Ned Harrison?" inquired one. "It sure does beat the Dutch that we fellows can't think of something to do to him—he didn't mind his ice-water shower last night, or the mustered plasters to prevent him from catching cold. I know what, let's send him over to Oak Lodge right after supper."

"Sure," echoed the others—"The girls will fuss him for fair and we can call it quits."

A word about Oak Lodge—It is the girl's "hash house" where the 250 girls of Brighton take their meals daily. Supper is the sociable meal, and after this, for an hour, dancing to the music of a Victrola, and singing are enjoyed, although a co-ed college, no boys are admitted into Oak Lodge unless some of the girls of the dormitory are allowed to receive a caller. Occasionally girls have a party when the doors are open to the male element.

Promptly at 6:45 p. m. Ned Harrison, dolled up in white spats, silk hat and a dress suit with a white carnation in his buttonhole, rang the bell. He was met with a rush of a crowd of girls and literally hurled into their midst, minus hat, gloves and cane. The leader of the girls, Mildred Chafron, had been posted beforehand by Al, of the expected arrival, so she had informed the girls and a program had been made out for Ned's special benefit.

There was Ned, slightly mussed from his enthusiastic encounter, the only male among two hundred noisy, chattering girls. That in itself was enough to fuss any fellow, but you needn't pity Ned! He seemed to be in his glory. A girl on each arm, and surrounded by girls. He was talking and laughing with them as if he had always been at Oak Lodge.

"The first thing on the program," announced Mildred, "will be a demonstration, given by Mr. Harrison, our entertainer, for the evening. He will show us how the rooster crows, the dog barks, and give us a fair imitation of Charlie Chaplin."

Ned's stunts were received with hoots of laughter, and the ring of his masculine "ha! ha!" mingled with the soprano shrieks of the girls. "So far, so good," thought Mildred, and he's not a bit fussed. "What next, Mil," whispered her chum Hazel, "you know that big baby doll of Sally's? Let's make him sing a lullaby to that." The words were as good as the deed in that case for soon the doll was placed in Ned's arms. He was a bit awkward about the handling it, but he sat in a large rocking chair and unconcernedly crooned "Hush-a-bye-baby, on the tree top." Then as the girls were giggling he happened to squeeze the mechanical doll so it let out an almost human yell. "Shhh—baby?" he said, "Your ma'll give you piece of candy if you shut up." He was a bit embarrassed for a moment and the red began to creep up to the roots of his hair, but the girls thought he hadn't had enough, as he regained his good humor and composure so soon.

It was Ella Howard who suggested bringing in Mrs. Moore, the matron of the house, and making him propose to her. Mrs. Moore is very slender, a rather cool appearing, undemonstrative, strict type, but secretly loving every one of the girls, and she consented. She was soon seated at the grand piano, strumming, "Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes," when Ned tiptoed in. Mrs. Moore stopped, gazed at him over her glasses, and Ned's knees shook a bit but no one noticed it. He soon caught the twinkle in her eye and, bending one knee, murmured, "Dearest, knowest thou not that I love thee? I want thee in my little bungalow. What sayest thou to letting Dean Chaplin tie the knot which will unite us forever?"

Mildred almost went into hysterics when Mrs. Moore, equal to the occasion, shyly said, "Yes," and considered her part done, leaving poor Ned to the mercy of the pack. Next the cook, protestingly saying "Sho, honey, dis ain't no place for a niggah heah. I doan't want to go in de parlor, wid ma han's all flowah." And Ned was commanded to make love to the black, greasy, flour-besmeared doughy-handed cook! Now, Ned was only human, and to kiss *that* was worse than getting kicked out of college.

As Mildred had announced that this would be the last feature, he gritted his teeth and put his arm around the expansive waist of the astonished darky, and began to brush off the flower from her face with his silk handkerchief. It was hard to be a "piker" after the reputation he had earned, but he thought that next year he'd see that no Freshies would get off very easily if he had anything to say. "Hang all these giggling girls, anyway," he grumbled.

By this time Aunt Dinah had warmed to the occasion and began to make eyes at Ned. He whispered something in her ear and she assented, so he placed a resounding smack on the clean part of her cheek—and bolted for the kitchen, Aunt Dinah in hot pursuit. The kitchen door was bolted against the girls and Aunt Dinah, taking pity on her "lover" gave him a large piece of pie (he had had a hurried as well as a light supper.) He regained his nerve, for he knew the "show" was over and picked up his silk hat, cane and gloves. The halls were vacant for the girls had gone to their rooms to study.

The next day Mildred gave a vivid account to Al, who passed the story around and the sophs decided that Ned Harrison had been satisfactorily rushed.

A. S. '17

Spring Has Come

The Spring has come—The Spring has come! Although the weathers just the same, the whistling wind, the cold wet rain doth beat upon the window pane, the tennis sharks when they awake, gaze on the courts a mirrored lake and sighing seek some rigging loft with lamentations firm but soft, the fussers cast a mean cold eye when o'er they're togs, their pinch-back coats they have to don a mackintosh "Oh piffle! sweet roast chicken! bosh! the movie fiends a shudder give, their raincoats leaking like a sieve and wet and chilly tired and broke, insatiable their feelings cloak.

Oh joyous Spring, keep up thy work, the hours of sunshine make us shirk, we'd rather listen to a band than give our books the happy hand, the jovial honey we would pass while sitting round upon the grass. Let out the Prof. his fickle mark, while to thy gentle voice we hark and poise on windowsill with book, in rosy distances to look. Oh Spring give fog and mist the boot, the baseball team wants us to root, for it is just to give us time to set around, to stroll, to climb and snuff the breeze from leafy dell, in sheer abandon hoot and yell, contemptuous all of grief or pain let ring, the welcome spring has come.

R. Aitchess '17

A Prophecy

It really is astonishing
How clearly we can see
The look Napoleon will wear
When he meets our Miss B.
She'll tell him to be careful
Or his tenses he will mix
And Bonaparte, will glare at her
And murmur softly "nix!"
For remember, *this* is heaven
That we ain't got any grammar
And if you intend to criticize
We'll take a golden hammer
And from the pearly book of life
The guy who keeps the same
Will with that golden hammer
Erase, for aye, your name.
So, now that you have reached at last
The region of the blest
You've got to can this teacher stuff
And let us take a rest!"

H. F. '19

Senior Play

The Senior play proved a great success this year and a "A Night Off" was well worth the time and effort put forth to produce it. Miss Newton worked faithfully with the cast as did Mr. Kingsley, and together they got the best work possible out of the entire cast. The parts were well taken by the following boys and girls.

Professor Babbitt	LeRoy Bigelow
Susan	Ysolt Brown
Mrs. Babbitt	Joyce Hindley
Harry Damask	Guy Townsend
Jack Mulberry	Charlie Vose
Lord Mulberry	Cecil Winslow
Marcus Brutus Snap	Tom O'Brien
Prowl	Adelaide Pond
Nisbe Babbitt	Francys Branch
Maria	Mae Ward
Angelica Damask	Florence Dunn

A week after the play the entire cast chaperoned by Miss Newton and Mr. Kingsley enjoyed a "feed" given at the Sycamore Inn.

The New Faculty

Now is our chance to get back
For all the big C's and more D's,
And we hope that this number'll not lack
To produce a few A's and some B's.

When we first confronted the "crew"
That means the teachers so new,
We thought our fate was all settled
And each one of us properly lettered.

But we were deceived in believing
That one by one we'd be leaving
For we discovered a secret
So listen and do not repeat it.

The reason they looked so unbending
And cross, and stern, and unrelenting
Was because they were more scared than we
Why! that first day they were simply "at see."

So after we all got acquainted
And we found out their characters sainted,
We found they were more than just "teachers"
But as good sports as ere sat on bleachers.

So the Seniors bid you adieu
And thanks for the A's that were few
The Juniors you have one more year,
But the end of their pleasures is near.

The Sophs of course you will keep
In the future they'll do more than sleep.
The Freshies we leave in your care
Guard carefully these little ones fair.

Class of '17

Isn't it lucky that the Oread board does not publish the notes Mrs.
Lord extracts from the unfortunates?

CLOTHING AND FOOTWEAR OF THE BEST KIND **NICHOLS & BARNEY**

Baseball Notes

R. H. S.—12 MIDDLEBURY—2

R. H. S. won their opening game from Middlebury High School 12 to 2. Coach O'Brien using the entire squad. Batteries were Hulihan, Perry, O'Brien and Brock, Elmer and Walker.

R. H. S.—2 BRISTOL—0

Capt. Hulihan pitched a no hit, no run game against Bristol H. S. Saturday May 5th. The game was a fast one in spite of the usual rainy weather.

R. H. S.—4 BURLINGTON—3

On Friday May 11th the team traveled to Burlington and won from that H. S. team in a slow game due to the fact that it rained throughout the entire game.

R. H. S.—9 MONTPELIER SEMINARY—4

The team played in Montpelier Saturday May 12th defeating the strong Montpelier Seminary team 9 to 4. Capt. Hulihan getting 13 strike outs. The hitting of Ianni and Brock and the fielding of Rice and Ross were the features of the game. The entire team showed a decided improvement mostly due to the persistent efforts of coach O'Brien.

R. H. S.—9 PROCTOR—5

R. H. S. trimmed their rivals at Proctor May 16th. The team worked fairly well together and the game was by no means one sided as Proctor put up a good fight.

Mrs. Harmon; speaking of political "croakers"

What is a "croaker" Brock?

Brock—Some one who is about to croak?

He'd been reading "Thanatopsis" and was feeling gloomy.

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RUTLAND—FAIR HAVEN—GLENS FALLS—CRANVILLE

Locals

OUR COACH

One member of the faculty
A jolly chap is he
He calls himself "O'Brien,"
But we call him just "O'B"!
Except when in his classes
He calls on us to stir
You bet we just get busy
And politely say "Yes sir!"
At sports he is a wonder
He helps us win the games,
But we all have such a liking
For short and easy names
That, tho glad to have him with us,
As glad as we can be,
We shall insist, no matter what,
On calling him "O'B!"

Lassor: Describing a grass hopper just after talking about crayfish:
"The grass hopper has a large pinching claw on the first pair of legs!" with which he picks the hops which made the schooner famous.

Mr. O'Brien—What is a trapezoid Miss Franzoni?
Minnie slightly confused—"A trapezoid is a foursided quadilateral."
Mr. O'Brien somewhat startled—Huh ! ? ! ?
Minnie—It is a parallelogram only two sides of which are parallel.
And for once O'B had nothing to say!

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EUGENE H. SMITH, D. M. D., DEAN, BOSTON, MASS.

MODERN MOTHER GOOSE

(As applied to the Faculty)

There is a man in our school,
And he is wonderous wise,
He jumped right into Rutland High
And opened up their eyes.

Mr. Abbott went to the office
To inflict a punishment drear
But when he got there
He got quite a scare
For the Freshie turned not a hair.
Z. I. P.

Teacher, Oh Teacher where have you been
Gathering roses to give to the king
Say, Oh Say! what gave he you?
He gave me a diamond as big as my shoe.

Mr. Bridges so they say
Dares not smoke but once a day
Such is life when one has a wife,
Stay single and heed my advice.

Little Miss Sherman sat in a corner
Looking wistful and sad
She rolled her right eye,
Heaved a big sigh
And now is as "Buzzy" (busy) as I.

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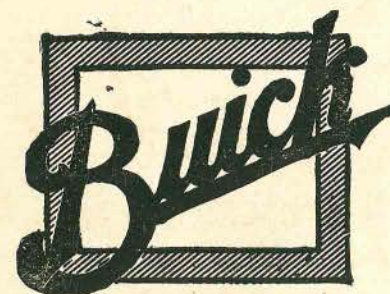
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THE OREAD



October, 1917

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RUTLAND, VERMONT
INCORPORATED NOVEMBER, 1850.

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EUROPEAN PLAN

Rutland, - Vermont

The Oread

VOL. X

OCTOBER, 1917

NO. 8

Entered as Second Class Matter at the Post Office at Rutland, Vermont,
Dec. 13, 1910, under Act of March 3, 1879

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Editorial

GREETINGS, Freshmen! We have opened our doors on another school year, and here's hoping we'll all try to make it a good one in every way. To you who are just entering High School, doubtless every thing seems new and strange, but it won't for very long. The upper classmen know and sympathize for they have been "through the mill", so to speak. They, too, have felt dreadfully small and insignificant, when, after blundering into the wrong class room and being set right by a junior or senior, they've heard the almost inevitable remark, "Oh—it's only a Freshie!" They, too, have trembled under the cold stare of a teacher who has caught them attempting to pass a note. They have been through all this—aye, and more; but you'll survive as they did and may hap become even a little mite dignified, (if such a thing is possible.) From the first day, you'll see and hear of many things which you won't understand, but just look wise and pretend to, and by the time you're a Sophomore you will have become very well acquainted with the "Wily ways of R. H. S."

We wish to also welcome the new teachers, Mr. Mitchell, the Misses Harlowe, Miss Collins, Miss Blakenion, Mr. Lockwood and Mr. Bump, and we hope that they'll find everything so pleasant that they won't want to leave at the end of the year.

We want to make a success of the Oread, this year, and to do so we need the co-operation of each and every one of you. It is just as much the duty of every pupil of R. H. S. to buy and help support the Oread, as it is to attend the Football, Basket Ball and Baseball games, or to contribute to the Athletic fund. A poor paper is a decided detriment to the school which produces it. Every little helps, and by making a special effort to buy each time, the pupils of R. H. S. would soon be rewarded with a much larger and better paper. As soon as we can devise a means for paying off the debt, we may be able to produce cartoons, as we certainly have enough talent in the school.

We hope you'll think it over seriously and make a resolution to help as much as possible, for it will be bettering not only the paper, but the school as well.

Freshmen! The next number is yours. What are you going to do with it? We shall expect you to try hard, and succeed in showing us that you're not as green as you look; so start right away—don't wait—and make it a "bloomin' good number."

Ed.

The accusation is often made that Rutland High School lacks school spirit. We are all familiar with the charge and all, of course, hotly deny it.

But isn't there some truth in it after all?

What have you, as a student, done for your school? On the way every student answers that question depends the answer of the charge that we lack school spirit.

Of course we can't all make the athletic teams, we can't all add to the fame of our school in that way, but we can, most of us, attend the games—we can, *all of us*, buy the Oread each time it comes out, and we can all note the funny things that happen, write them up, and send them in to the Board.

The Oread reflects credit or discredit on the school just as much as do our athletic teams. It may not be known so well locally, but it goes to places where our teams are never seen nor even heard of excepting thru its agency. It goes to places where the only way of judging our school is thru its paper.

And how have we been judged?

Not very justly, it is to be feared, and this has not been the fault of the management, but the fault of the student body. The students in the past have been slow in responding to the appeals of the Board for material. But let's make that a thing of the past; let's get out one of the best school papers in the county! We can do it if the students will write up every funny happening of our school; if everyone would mix a little tho't, a little humour, and a little ink on a piece of paper, and send it in every time the Board calls for material.

GET THE HABIT!

THIS MEANS YOU!

Contributing Ed.

A Soldier

Listen, my friends, and you shall hear
Of the patriotic spirit of Bridges dear.
On the third of October this very year,
He started for Camp Devens quite full of cheer.
His friends were at the station to bid him good-bye,
And he meet them all with a very kind eye.
Yes! his eyes were bright as never before,
And as the train pulled out, the smile brightened
still more,
And said, "I am very happy dear friend,
For I am leaving in the service of my dear native land.
And today I am going with but one tho't in view,
And that is to preserve the old red, white and blue."

C. I. F. '18

"May I print a kiss on your lips?" I asked;
She nodded her sweet permission;
So we went to press, and I rather guess
We printed a large edition.

This would be a great old world if everyone was as satisfied with everyone else as some people are with themselves.

The Sleeping Hack Driver

(BY A FRESHMAN)

JOHN BROWN was the name of a hack driver employed in a livery stable in the city; and from which state he came, he, himself, hardly knew. He had been nearly all over the country and had seen all kinds of people. When he had come to apply for a position the manager asked him if he had worked in the city before. "No," he answered. "Well," said the manager, "You had better go out and get acquainted with it, and then come back and I will give you work."

He left the stable, and after a few weeks returned, claiming to know all about the place. He had been working around at different occupations, but the few recommendations he had showed that he had only worked a short time at each place. Although he was an honest and sober man, doing everything he was told in the best way he knew as long as some one watched him, still he seemed to have a tendency as soon as he was out of his employers' sight, to fall asleep. However, the manager decided to give him a chance, so he was hired, and got along nicely for a short time.

One night, John Brown was to take a banker to a wedding, which was to take place at eight o'clock. He left the stable an hour before the wedding, got the banker, and was at the house where the wedding was to be held, in due time. He got down from his high seat and opened the back door. Inside, he found the banker sleeping soundly. Knowing from his own experience, how he disliked to be disturbed from a sound sleep, he quietly closed the door, got back upon the high coachman's seat, and in a few minutes was asleep himself. The horses put their heads together and soon were dozing. It was a moonlight night, and it seemed as if the moon had cast a sleeping spell over them all.

They were not disturbed until late in the night, when the sound of carriage wheels were audible, and of voices asking them to drive out of the way. The banker put his head out of the window inquiring what all the noise was about, when one of the leaving guests recognized his voice and asked him where he had been that he hadn't arrived sooner.

The banker answered, "Well, here I am. I hope the bridal couple have not waited long for me. It surely can't be but a few minutes after eight."

"After eight!" gasped the astonished guest. "Why, it is twenty minutes after twelve now."

"You surely must be mistaken."

"Do you not see that all the guests are leaving? The wedding is over, and the carriages are here to take the guests home. The bride and groom have already departed on their wedding journey."

The banker rushed out of the hack exclaiming, "I must have fallen asleep! And then of course the wedding dinner is over, too."

"Yes, it was over an hour ago, and it was the most delicious meal I ever ate."

The banker turned angrily to the driver: "What have you been doing all this time, you lazy fool! Have you been sleeping too?"

"Yes, sir, he answered, "I didn't want to disturb you."

The banker was in a bad temper and would have struck the driver with his cane had it not been for the many people standing about. He went back into the hack and told the driver to take him home, as he was cold and hungry. They drove to the house and the banker had to be content with a glass of milk and a sandwich.

After that little episode, John Brown was discharged and was unable to find any more work. However, it seemed as though his little nap had brought him good luck, for he soon married a wealthy widow, who would rather have a man who would sleep too much, than one who would not sleep enough. "Because," she said: "when he is sleeping, he will be at home, and will not be squandering my fortune."



A Good Motto

Do all the good you can,
By all the means you can.
In all the ways you can,
In all the places you can,
At all the times you can,
To all the people you can,
As long as ever you can.

The Race

(P. E. G. '20)

IT was three minutes before starting time and all was tense with excitement. The signal for preparedness had just sounded, and now not a sound was audible save the soft lapping of the waves upon the shore, and now and then the low murmuring of the Autumn breeze. One minute passed—two minutes and the competitors waited breathlessly for the signal which would announce the beginning of the race. Presently the moment arrived and the boat set sail.

It was to be a six mile race, across Lake Bartlett and back, between the Speed-a-way and the Keen-Sail, both comparatively large boats. The former was owned by Elizabeth Woods, a young girl of twenty, whose father was a prominent physician in the town of Brookville, where they resided. The other belonged to a certain Mr. Wallace Mack, a young man reknowned in the city previously mentioned, for his millions. He was a very dear friend of the Woods family having known them ever since he could remember; yet Elizabeth had not told him that she was entering the race in her new boat, as she wished it to be a surprise to him. He was, therefore quite curious to know who his opponent was, and as yet had not succeeded in finding out. And now the race was in progress with him in the lead.

Meanwhile, Elizabeth was managing the other boat skillfully, and even though she was somewhat behind the Keen-Sail, she did not lose heart. By the time they had reached the opposite shore, she was fifty yards ahead.

They had turned around and were well on their way back, with the Speed-away still leading, when the confident attitude of the crowd on the shore suddenly became one of anxiousness. What had happened! The Speed-a-way had slackened speed perceptibly, and before long the Keen-Sail had passed the unfortunate craft.

On board Elizabeth was glancing searchingly about. What could be the matter! unconsciously, her eye rested on the spot where the anchor should be, and as she gazed, a light of understanding broke over her countenance. Rushing to that part of the boat, she was soon tugging frantically at the anchor rope, which hung over the side of the Speed-a-way and into the water. The anchor had slipped overboard. But what was she to do! It did not yield to her laboring

efforts. The Keen-Sail was steadily heading for shore. Was she, Elizabeth Woods, confirmed sports-girl going to allow herself to be beaten in this of all races! Suddenly she snatched up a hatchet, and with one stroke cut the rope in two, setting her free to sail swiftly after the Keen-Sail once more.

The Speed-a-way is within half a mile of the finish, and only a few yards behind Wallace's boat. She is steadily gaining and is now almost even with her rival. There are only five yards left before the race is ended. One—two—three—yards slip by, and she is barely ahead of the other boat; four yards—but the Keen-Sail seems to be shooting forward at almost three times her former rate. Five yards and with one bound the Speed-a-way passes the finishing line barely ten seconds before the Keen-Sail, amidst the lusty cheers of the crowd. She sprang lightly onto the dock, and fastening her boat, she stood, completely surrounded by the joyous crowd, who poured forth congratulation after congratulation. Soon she was confronted by Wallace himself, on whose face was a gleam of complete satisfaction. He grasped her hand with his strong one, and said, so that others heard, "It is almost an honor to lose to such a charming winner". Then under his breath for Elizabeth's ears alone, "Gee, Betty, your a regular brick!" And the flush on "Betty's" cheeks was not entirely due to the fact that the crowd had cheered her victory.

Mother

Nobody knows of the work it makes
To keep the home together,
Nobody knows of the steps it takes,
Nobody knows—but mother.

Nobody listens to childish woes,
Which kisses only smother,
Nobody's pained by naughty blows,
Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the lessons taught,
Of loving one another;
Nobody knows of patience sought,
Nobody—only mother.

Nobody kneels at the throne above,
To thank the Heavenly Father,
For that sweetest gift—a mother's love;
Nobody can—but mother.

In the Rescue

(G. M. '19)

THE big day had come. The younger fellows had been looking forward to and preparing for it for days, and even we big fellows were looking for a good time. Our camp held a Water-Sports-Day every year, in which any of the boys of the camp might take part. There were medals awarded for the winners of the different stunts—diving, swimming and canoe tilting contests, and a cup for the winner of the half-mile race.

People had gathered from all over the lake in every description of boats—from flat-bottomed row-boats to sailing canoes and speed boats. I saw Tom and Marsh coming into the bay, each with a girl in his canoe. (Tom was my pal and Marsh was an instructor.) I couldn't go with them that afternoon because I had to start some of stunts, and I remember I was pretty sore. Perhaps after all it was my luck.

The contests came out pretty much as I expected, except for the diving that little Dick won out on.

Every once in a while I'd glance over and see Tom and Marsh having a pretty good time with those girls. After the sports were over, the crowd broke up, and I went to get some of the little fellows cooled down before parade.

The first thing I knew of it, the kids were rushing down to the bank, pell-mell. I went with the crowd and saw out toward the middle, two canoes, bottom side up, and no one to be seen. Two or three canoes had already put out, and I pushed out in another, paddling my best for those two floating objects. I was disgusted to think that Tom and Jack Marsh couldn't manage a canoe, and especially when they had two girls with them. In a moment I saw Tom's head come up on one side, and a second later Marsh's on the other.

But where were the girls! Every one on the shore was shouting and hollering, and I've a faint idea of old Smith running around slapping his bald head and saying things not fitting for the head of a boys' camp. At last the first fellows rushed to the scene of the disaster, and I was almost there when I hollered, "The girls! the girls!! can't you get 'em!—didn't they come up at all!"

Say—I was surprised and mad when I saw Tom just laugh! Was he a fool, or had he gone crazy? Didn't he know it was no laughing matter to drown two pretty dames? A fellow from the first canoe was just going to dive in when Tom laughed again, and gurgled, "Don't—don't do that! We got the girls home a quarter of an hour ago."

A Clever Fellow

THE following incident actually occurred in the life of one of our loving young undergraduates. We'll tell the story, but will change the names of the principal characters so there will be no hard feelings.

Mr. Growler had appeared to be nervous for some time. Ever and anonymously he would lower his paper and look over his spectacles at the clock, and his face would take on a more cruel and determined expression.

Mrs. Growler said nothing, as she rapidly plied her needle, but occasionally would cast furtive and anxious glances at her husband's face.

Neither the husband or the wife broke the silence, until the old-fashioned clock on the mantel piece had a mysterious inward convulsion and coughed the hour of 11. Then with a sudden gesture, "Puppah" threw down his paper and turned to his wife with suppressed fierceness in his manner and growled:

"Is that young Beauman in the parlor yet?"

Mrs. Growler could only nod in reply, while her face assumed an even more anxious expression. A moment Mr. Growler hesitated, and then, rising with but poorly concealed anger, he drew upon his right foot the heavy boot which had covered it during the day, and while dear, timid little Mrs. Growler concealed her troubled face in her handkerchief, tiptoed softly out into the front hall and as silently closed the door.

Silence!

Silence!!

More silence!!!

The silence seemed almost unbearable to the tender-hearted little mother waiting in the living room and she longed to warn her daughter's lover of his peril.

Minutes passed, which seemed as hours, but there came to her ears no sound of violent altercation. The suspense was terrible.

Suddenly the door opened softly, and old Mr. Growler tiptoed in again, with one boot off and one boot on, and stood before her.

For fully a minute he stood gazing silently at his wife while he coughed and gurgled, in his wrath. Faintly, indistinctly, from the parlor came the soft sound of sweet converse still unbroken.

"Well?" interrogated Mrs. Growler at last.

"Well," burst out the old man, "what do you b'l'ave that impudent young snipper-snapper has gone and done. Put a pug-nosed, lop-eared, cross-eyed, bow-legged, white bull-pup lying on the mat in front of the parlor door, that won't let a fond parent come within ten feet of him!"

(By a crazy Senior.)

If the principal gives you a talking-to, rejoice; chances were you would have been fired.

Always look toward the sunshine and the shadows will fall behind you.

Little women are the sugar,
Spoons we poor men often be;
Matrimony is hot water,
Life is but a cup of tea.

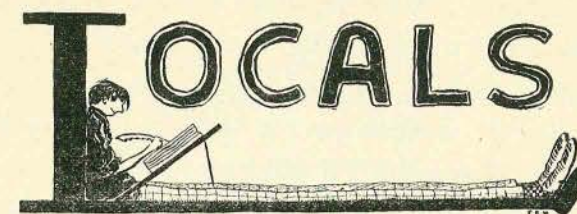
FOLLOWING DIRECTIONS

Mike glanced out of his window one morning and saw his friend Pat running back and forth from one end of the street to the other. Rushing out of the house and up to Pat, Mike yelled: "Man, man! What are you makin' a spectacle of your feelins on the street for? Are ye crazy?"

"Sure," replied Pat, "and I'm only following directions. It's a bit sick I've been and the doctor left me some medicine. He told me to take it two days runnin' and then skip a day."

"Success"

He has achieved success who has lived well, laughed often, and loved much; who has gained the respect of intelligent men and women, and the love of little children; who has filled his niche and accomplished his task; who has left the world better than he found it, whether by a perfect poem or a rescued soul; who has never lacked appreciation of earth's beauty or failed to express it; who has always looked for the best in others, and given the best he had; whose life was an inspiration and whose memory a benediction.



Tiny St--rns went to the Playhouse not long ago, and a small boy, sitting behind her, was heard to wail mournfully, "Papa, I can't see!"

Ole-nder Sm-th is very fond of the tune to "Wake, Freshmen Wake"

O, pity the poor little hindu!
He does the best he can do;
He aint got no Aunties to make him some panties
So he has to make his li'il skin do.

Books and songs to add to our already vast collection:—

I didn't raise my voice to be a whisper.....	C. Olney
Lessons in brilliant conversation	L. Pratt
Verbs—Their meaning and uses.....	H. Ward
Why have faded hair!.....	"Red" Lee
Beauty hints.....	Imogene Powell
Russian Ballet.....	"Tiny" Stearns
Prize pupils of Mme. Stearns.....	{ B. Parker R. Plumley
Instructive strol after dark	{ M-l-r-d Farmer and Gl-dys Jones
Exact art of fussing—illustrated.....	"Hank" L-ss-r
Little stories for Oral French	J. Hanley

'Twas a dark and stormy night—
The stars were shining bright;
The streets were full of people,
There was not a soul in sight.

To achieve style in clothes you must say with Caesar: "I'd rather be FIRST in a village than SECOND in Rome." Style either is or isn't—the in-between is but an "unhappy medium."

STYLES and IDEAS
6 months in advance.
COME AND SEE

FARREL & COMPANY
DUNN BUILDING

FAMOUS EXPRESSIONS:—

O-o-oh How d'y do
 Who-o-ps, time!
 We're movin'!
 What-all to oncet?
 Well fo' pity's sake!
 Sartin!
 So young, too.
 Get together-get together!
 I had a little tea party
 This afternoon at three;
 'Twas very small-three guests in all
 Just I, myself, and me.
 Myself ate up the sandwiches
 While I drank up the tea:
 'Twas also I, who ate the pie
 And passed the cake to me.

We have some exceedingly distinguished characters in the school.
 They blossomed out at a "hobo" party not long ago.

The toe dancer? The "heroe" "Ikey" The "Pajama Lady"
 The "Lady Aviator" "Huckle-Berry Finn"

A LUDICROUS EXPLANATION

A clergyman, anxious to introduce some new hymn books directed the clerk to give out a notice in church in regard to them immediately after the sermon. The clerk, however, had a notice of his own to give with reference to the baptism of infants. Accordingly, at the close of the sermon, he announced: "All those who have children they wish baptised please send in their names at once." The clergyman who was deaf, supposing that the clerk was giving out the hymn-book notice, immediately arose and said: "And I want to say for the benefit of those who haven't any, that they may be obtained from me anyday between three and four o'clock—the ordinary little ones at fifteen cents, and special ones with red backs at twenty-five cents each.

See our Morse-Made Clothes
"ACADEMY MODEL"
\$15 TO \$25—Wilson Clothing Co.—SHOES TOO

Owens thinks it useless to try to stop the tide from rising or the trees from "wagging their tops."

You just gotta let 'em wag, that's all!

Brock has a new license plate. Heard about it? Number 1914!!!

Miss Meldon; (speaking in French). Am I seated or standing?

Hunt stands in deep thot and says nothing.

Miss Meldon; (again). Am I seated or standing?

Hunt repeats p. p.

Miss Meldon; (Somewhat crossly) Look and see!

Mr. Abbot; (After taking the roll) Miss Pierce, where's your sister?

Miss Pierce; She's in cooking!

Well done! Miss Pierce, well done!

Miss Newton; (piously) ---- and I disobeyed my mother but I regretted it later!

Mary Williams; Oh! She spanked you, didn't she!
 That girl sure am bright.

Mar**Thy**

Ham

Pok**Ey**

Topp**y**

RU**th** (???)

Jea**N**

Frec**K**

ME**g**

Ma**Rie**

France**S**

As Napoleon said:—Mon Dieu! Dans mon chapeau,

Ily a beaucoup des animaux!!

We the Freshmen of R. H. S., do hereby respectfully petition the school board that some provision be made for the housing of the vehicles in which so many of our number ride to school, in order that our nurses be saved the labor of pushing them needlessly back and forth.

In Latin;

E-m-ne Ostiguy; (Translating) Orgetorix has died!

(Long pause while she contemplates on next sentence.)

Miss Temple; What's this? A reverent silence in his memory?

Miss H. Harlow; How does George Eliot make her characters natural?

Gl-dys Swenson; By making them stupid!

(Gladys should travel more; all folks aren't that way naturally.)

And it happened on the Winooski trip:—

Hunt (bumping into a big soldier at the dance): Pardon me, Mr. Soldier!

Ans: None of your pardon-me's, get out of my way!

Patten found some of his relatives at the Armory dance. Ask him about them.

Jasmin says—"Why man—ah had the time of mah young life at that tunk!"

Hunt thinks the soldiers in Burlington have SOME playthings. Eh Jim?

John Parker thinks he's a relative of Barney Oldfield. He's trying to follow in his footsteps. (Pardon—I mean in his tire-tracks)

"Hock" Olney thinks those week-ends to Boston are simply wonderful!!

After feeding at the Sherwood, Radigan gently remarks, "Say, Harold, come over to a restaurant and get something to eat."

Lee—"Say, Henry, pass the sugar. This "coffee" is strong!" (You can't kid the cook, "Red"!)

"Ike" (seeing a girl on the street) "Say Abie, there's some head!"

A. Rice "Yeah, some head, but look at the feet."

Bruce Coolidge thinks he'll winter in Middlebury.

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Alumni Notes

Eloise Tyrrel '17 Skidmore School of Arts to take up Physical Culture

Kathleen Brothers'17Skidmore School of Arts, (Music)

Hazel Williams '17Sargent's College, (Physical Culture)

Thomas O'Brien '17.....Yale.

Angeline Simpson '17 Leroy Bigelow '17 Nina Baker '17
Middlebury College

Katherine Miner '17 New York City, (Voice Culture)

Florence Dunn '17 Adela Pond '17, - - - Smith College

Joyce Hindley '17Teachers Training Course

Gertrude Corcoran '17Albany Business College

Ellen Roberts '17, New York School of Fine and Applied Arts to study
Costume Designing.

Madeline Cassidy '17.....Wellesley College

Marion Chatterton '17 Ruth Parmenter '17 Clementina Anthony '17
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Cecil Winslow '17..... Middlebury College

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Athletic Notes

RUTLAND 26

ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE 0

In the presence of several hundred spectators, the high school team downed the St. Michael's College eleven in the opening game of the season, played Saturday, September 27, at Winooski, the final score reading, Rutland 26; St. Michael's 0.

Throughout the game our boys had practically everything their own way, the entire back-field being very effective in both defensive and offensive plays. Touchdowns were scored by Capt. Preedom and Rice in the first and second quarters respectively, while Hunt and Sullivan secured one apeace in the third.

In spite of the good work done by our team, they received little or no support from the side-lines, scarcely five "rooters" making the trip to Winooski. In the rest of our games, let's show a little of our old time "pep" by organizing a cheering squad and having at least 300 paid admissions at the gate? The team needs our financial support as well as moral.

RUTLAND 49

BURLINGTON 0

Rutland High did up their old rivals, Burlington, in proper manner in the second game of the season played Wednesday, October 11, on our field, the final score reading 49-0, with the "goose-egg" attached to Burlington's recently proud but now crestfallen name.

The game itself, from the Rutland standpoint, bore a much more decided similarity to a track-meet than one of the football species.

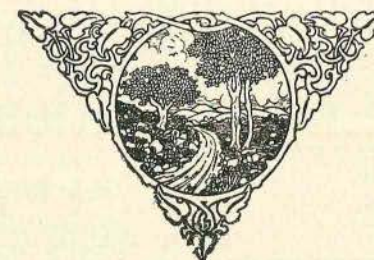
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featuring Capt. Preedom, Rice, Bellerose and Olney in a series of sprints into the enemy's territory, each of which netted a substantial gain for R. H. S. The Burlington eleven, however, despite numerous whispered consultations behind their line, failed to divulge any successful plan whereby they might invade their opponent's goal. Even in the last period when Coach "Oby" in a streak of warm-heartedness towards his home town aggregation, sent in a raft of substitutes with explicit instructions to do their worst, which they did not, the Burlingtonians having grown so accustomed to defeat, just simply couldn't oust that "jinx" that has been following them, which resulted in their complete humiliation at the hands of the "scrubs," under the leadership of that illustrious and otherwise prominent Sophomore, Augustus Caesar Knox.

At just about this time, Fitzsimmons, manager of the West Rutland team who it is reported was over here for the purpose of getting a "line" on our hopefuls was observed to leave his station in the "grand-stand" and hurry away in the direction of an approaching letter carrier. Manager ("HOCK") Olney received a communication from him the following morning, requesting him to cancell the game scheduled with the West Siders for that Saturday. Our prospects are good for a championship team we think.



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The Hawse

The Hawse is a nobil animile. He has four legs, one at each corner. The hawse has a hed at one end and a tail at t'other, which is different form the eliphant, for he has a tail at both ends. There are a grate many kinds of hawses, there is the black hawse, the white hawse, the gray hawse, the brown hawse, the chestnut hawse and the hawse chestnut, the reddish hawse ond the hawse reddish. I don't like hawse reddish caws it gets in my eyes and makes them cry. There's the saw hawse the close hawse, the hawse voice and the hawse-pital. Besides there's the Colt's revolver, the pony of brandy, the night mare and the Lord Mayor. The hawse is the only animale who wares shoes, but he does not take them off when he goes to bed like boys and girls. Hawses have to work, if I was a hawse, I'd wish I was a kow, caws kows do not work, but only loaf around chewing all day. I like the hawse, and if I had one I'd not let Jim Bunker ride on him, caws he makes mouths at my sister. You always can find a hawse in the street and you can tell him caws he has big eyes and a hed. The hawse has a flowing mane and tail. Some boys like goats, but as for me, give me a hawse or—give me deth.

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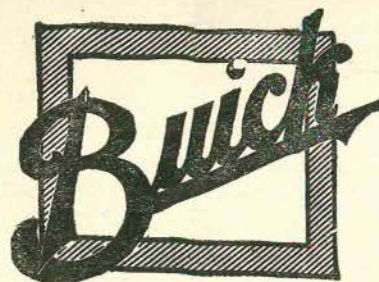
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THE OREAD



FRESHMEN NUMBER

November, 1917

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Rutland, - Vermont

The Oread

VOL. X

NOVEMBER, 1917

NO. 9

Entered as Second Class Matter at the Post Office at Rutland, Vermont,
Dec. 13, 1910, under Act of March 3, 1879

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Editorial

NOW that the good work has begun, let's keep it up! The way the students bought the Oread last time was certainly surprising, and this, in addition to the attendance at the Montpelier game, shows that after all R. H. S. is not lacking in "pep"! I wonder if we ever stop to think of how much every little helps. If each individual student could know how much his or her 10 cents helps the Oread each time, or how much more noise can be made at the games when he or she yells for old R. H. S., there would never be any hesitation about responding to the school's appeals. What is behind it all? Why, it's "pep"; it's school spirit! If there were no more than two pages in the school paper, it would be the duty of every student to buy; if our athletic team was the poorest in the state, it would be up to us to attend the games just the same! Why? Need we answer that? Don't we all know it is our duty to uphold our school and school standards as much as possible? Of course we do, and let's all resolve to do it or BUST!!!

The Freshmen have responded heartily and here are the fruits

of their labor. Sophomores! Can you do any better? Yours is the next issue and we are wondering if your class has as much "pep" as the Freshman class. Show us that it has, and start getting material ready right away!

We gladly welcome back into our school one who is familiar to us all, and we hope Miss Purdon is as glad to be back as we are to have her.

Mrs. White's absence is keenly felt here. We miss her bright smile, but we shall not complain for we know she must be very happy.

We all heard with regret the misfortune which has befallen Mr. Halvorsen. May he think of himself as having our hearty wishes for a speedy recovery.

The school extends its heartfelt sympathy to Mr. Lockwood on account of the death of his father.

"Our Corporal"

What do you think of the man who went down
To the city of Ayer (though it's really a town)
To train with his friends and the hundreds more
So that he and the others could help win the war?
Do you remember the day, with the sun shining bright
And how kindly his face looked as it appeared to our sight?
Do you remember how happy he looked as you rushed
To get close and shake hands with the man you all trust?
I can see his good face as it looked on that day
When he went with the others from our town, to stay
'Til the war is over and the world is at peace,
And he comes back with the title of Captain at least!
I have not forgotten that he, with the rest,
Went to fight for Old Glory and the cause we love best.
So we'll all do our duty as he wished us to
'Til he comes back, and the Red, White and Blue
Waves freely once more for the whole world to see
Then, with OUR Mr. Bridges, how happy we'll be.

'21

"The Freshmen"

Now listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the arrival of the Freshmen from far and near
On the fourth of September, this very year
We entered the High School with a great deal of fear;
We come in groups both great and small,
To see Mr. Abbott and the teachers all.
Some of us were dark and some were light;
Some were dull and some were bright;
With trembling lips and shaking knee,
We all rushed into the Assembly.

G. E. M. & S. I. R. '21

A smile is always worth its face value.

Freshman Contest

1.	Class Favorite.....	Margaret Peck
2.	" "Live-Wire".....	Demyre Ramp
3.	" Beauty	Madeline Hodsdon
4.	" Dude	"Bob" Adams
5.	" "Rough-neck	Geno Franzoni
6.	" Saint	Evelyn Beckwith
7.	" Sissy	Robert Adams
8.	" Tom-boy.....	"Billy" Peck
9.	" Baby.....	Ruth Church
10.	" Giant.....	Francis Roberts
11.	" Nut.....	Reginald Butler
12.	" Book-worm.....	Lester Marsh
13.	" Pessimist.....	Mary Lyman
14.	" Optimist.....	Leo Harrison
15.	" Athlete.....	Lester Marsh

Ella Tagga**Rt**

Madel**E**ine Davis

Len**A** Pan

Mabe**L**le Headle

Ruth Spre**Gg**

Gwendolyn **I**ngalls

Lo**R**na Smith

FLorence Borah

Frances Sal**I**sbury

Alic**E** Blanchard

Madeline Hod**S**don

Travels of a Freshie

My class-room teacher is Miss Ballou,
I think she's cute (I bet you do, too!)
Then next comes Mitchell who really is fine,
Altho' for him I'm seldom on time.
Next I have Helen Harlow, the dear!
And for her I know you'll all give a cheer.
Now back to Mitchell's room I come
Like a hero on the run;
Then into Lockwood's room I study
Just as much as anybody;
But when I hear that li'l old bell
Back to Miss Ballou I come with a yell!

Coyotes and College

Ned Carter was a boy of about 17 years of age, who lived in one of the Middle Western states where coyotes were not only bold but also numerous. Now Ned was an ambitious boy who desired to get a college education, but his father was unable to send him as he wished. He lived on a big ranch about fifteen miles from the nearest neighbor, in the sage-brush country which afforded a good range for the coyotes.

It was now fall, and the animals were acting badly. They had increased alarmingly during the preceding summer, even though they were being killed by the hundreds. Ned knew a lot about camping, tramping and hiking; he was an exceptionally good shot with a rifle, and this would be of good use to him in hunting these animals as he had thought of doing. He began to think more seriously of the matter, and asked his father who readily gave consent to his wishes.

As Ned had not many chores to do now (he had recently graduated from the high school in the nearest town) he decided to start his new business very soon. The rifle was cleaned and oiled, a few traps which he possessed were made ready, and other things done in preparation for the enterprise. A few days later he set out with the traps, his gun over his shoulder and his dog running by his side. He had a range of about fifteen miles for the setting of his traps. He made quite a few of trees. These were called "jerk-ups". After he had finished setting all his traps he returned home.

He woke up early the next morning; dressed himself and prepared to make his rounds. He took his dog with him and started off

on his first round with much enthusiasm. In his first trap he found nothing. He kept on, but when he had gone half way, all the traps he had seen were sprung or the bait gone. He had expected to find a few in this condition but—well he wouldn't give up so soon! He had gone but a little way further on, when he saw his dog jumping at something that was dangling from a small stout tree. He looked up and saw a coyote trying to get away from one of the jerk-ups that he had constructed the day before. Ned's courage returned, and that night he brought home with him about ten coyote skins.

Winter was coming on and the animals were as bad as ever. Ned had recently gone on many hunts, bringing home as many as seventy-five skins a day. Sometimes he got as many as a hundred a day. When the season ended, he had all told, six hundred and seventy five skins. He brought them to the town and received fifty cents bounty for each skin, which in all netted him \$700.00.

His father was much pleased to think that now his son could go to college; and Ned? Why, he's very proud to think he earned the money himself.

H-NR-CH-N '21

Mince Meat Dreams

(AFTER THANKSGIVING)

I think it was that mince-meat that I ate—it must have been,
For such things as I dreamed last night, on earth were never seen!
The school room where I was had the funniest of sights!
(My mother told me mince-meat was not good to eat at night.)
For little Miss Ballou had lost every charm,
A weird and wily vampire, she intended only harm;
And Miss Genevren Harlow, who with-out a Lucille gown,
An awkward little girl, was from an unknown country town.
H. O'Brien, the brave, was just a timid, trusting lad,
And tiny Miss Collins was a matron, old and staid.
Prof. Abbott was a lumber-jack, and many such a thing,
That set my heart a-beating, and my ears began to ring.
Long reels of sights unwound, re-wound, about my dizzy head;
A crash—a dash—an awful crash—and I'd fallen out of bed!

The Mewl

The mewl is a hardier berd than the guse or the torkey. It has too legs to stan' on, too legs to kick with, an' wares his wings on the side of his hed. It is stubbornly back'ard about coming for'ard.

A Surprise

"Four years of High School", said a freshie one day to me;
 "But now I'm a Sophie, and there are only three;"
 Three years of High School, O—it seems so few!
 But he turned a Junior and now there are only two.
 Two years of High School; gee! its lots of fun;
 But now he's a Senior, and years he has but one.
 One year of High School, O! he is so blue,
 But he didn't study and he had to stay two.

Hippocrits

The time we ast the preacher here for afternoon an' tea
 My mother said I had t'act as good as I kin be;
 An' use my hankerchief without no repremend from her
 An' sit down 'es as still, an' not to dare to stir;
 An' bow my head an' keep it bowed, until "fer Jesus sake,"
 An' mustn't ask fer sugar er another piece of cake;
 An' be a little gentleman, an' never say a word,
 'Cause fellers 'bout the size o' me is seen an' never heard.
 An' ma she told my father 'at he'd have t' polish up
 His manners, too, an' mustn't stick his crackers in his cup,
 Nor souse his bread in coffee like he allus likes to do,
 An' had t' keep his elbows off the dinner table, too;
 An' had t' wear a napkin, an' not chuck it in his chin,
 But lay it crosswise on his lap an' stick a corner in—
 An' lock the puppy in the barn, because she didn't keer
 T'have no pup t'bother when the minister was here.
 An' when the preacher got around that evenin', pa an' me
 Was 'zackly like she told us, jes as good as we cud be,
 'An' listened to him tell about the hippocrits in church
 Who prey on holy people an' w ho tarnish an' besmirch
 The house of faith, an' givethe cause of piety a taint
 By tryin' t' make the world believe they are jes' what they ain't,
 An' ma an' pa agreed with him in ever'thin' I guess,
 'Cause ever'thin' he said the 'em, the both of'em said "yes".
 An' when the preacher'd gone away then ma she sed t' me
 T'come an' set beside her because she'd like t' see
 How much attention I had paid, an' if I'd paid a bit,
 An' then she ast me out an' out "what was a hippocrit?"
 I dun my best to reck'leck, an' then I sed t' ma,
 "I reckon 'at a hippocrit is jes like me an' pa!"

The Postage Stamp

A postage stamp is a small piece of paper about an inch square with some glue on one side. On some of the stamps there is the picture of Washington and on others there is Ben Franklin and other statesmen. As the stamp is a very small article, it is often bullied by people who can't lick anything else. Some stamp are signs of anger, but those arn't postage stamps, those are women's stamps.

"Some of us Kids"

Lena is the daring one,
 Eyes of blue and chestnut hair,
 Always in for all the fun,
 Never for result does care.

Mabelle H. is always on the spot,
 Black her hair, her eyes are blue,
 Her Motto is "forget-me-not."
 And to her friends she's always true.

Madeline H. is the Freshie's beauty,
 Golden hair and eyes of brown,
 Were I a boy I'd call her "cutey!"
 And be proud to take her all around.

Patsy is Room 15's "cherie".
 Though she wears a flarry skirt;
 One can't help but call hear dearie,
 For never will her work she shirk.

Billy D. is dark and pretty,
 All her troubles are but petty;
 You would look through all the world,
 Before you'd find a happier girl.

Tommy S. is the dearest lass.
 Light her hair her eyes are blue.
 She is loved by all her class.
 As well as by a Sophomore.

Mary G. is the sophmores clown.
 Her eyes are blue her hair's not brown.
 A Soldier lad thinks she's just great
 His name I think I need not state.

Bobby Adams is our Freshie lad.
 His hair is light his eyes are blue,
 He's quite flirty, but not bad.
 And to a Junior he's staunch and true.

Our Victory

- I. 'Twas a very cold day,
But the suns warm ray,
Shone on a hundred crowns
As we noisily made the rounds—
Down to St. Peter's Field.
- II. The great day was at hand,
And headed by a boy scout band
We marched 'round the field,
Yelling—"Montpelier must yield"—
Down on St. Peter's Field
- III. We were scared, I'll admit,
But we had loads of grit;
So we yelled and we yelled,
And it sounded like—more—
Down at St. Peter's Field.
- IV. On the field came Montpelier's men with a flourish.
Followed by our men, ready for a skirmish,
Both determined to win the game
If it left them all, forever, lame—
Down on St. Peter's Field.
- V. The whistle blew
And our fellows all flew
Leaving Montpelier breathless.
We had to win and we fought like sin—
Down on St. Peter's Field.
- VI. The end of the first half
Left the victory, thus—
Thirteen to nothing
The thirteen being for us—
Down on St. Peter's Field.
- VII. In the second half, Montpelier scored—"none"
And they must have felt sort of bum.
The end of the game brought more excitement,
We had trimmed Montpelier with much enlightenment
Down on St. Peter's Field.
- VIII. We marched back again
And formed in a ring.
On Center Street by Wilson's Store;
We gave our yell and shouted the score, we had won
On St. Peter's Field.
- IX. At seven o'clock we did meet that night
At the High School building, to celebrate our fight;
Down thru the streets once more did we prance.
Then back to R. H. S. where we ended with a dance
With tho'ts of St. Peter's Field.

The Mysterious Pin

L. S. '21

It was a cold, drizzly, rainy night and the people were hurrying to and fro. The mansion of Carl Seegar, a wealthy magnate, was brightly lighted and was the only brilliant spot on Summer Street. An observant person might have seen a cab drive up and a woman in black alight. She spoke a word with her driver and ran up the steps. At the door she was greeted by Mary, the only daughter of Seegar. "I'm so glad to see you! Please hurry and take off your things; I've something wonderful to show you." So her things were removed, not to reveal an elderly lady, as had been her appearance heretofore, but a girl of about Mary's age. Her name was Barbara Livingston, whose acquaintance with Mary dated back to childhood. They were the closest of friends.

After Barbara had removed her wraps, Mary led her into the library where a fire was burning in the fire place and threw a shadow of cheerfulness over the room. On a table in the center of the room was a small box, and Mary ran over and opened it disclosing a small gold sword pin, the hilt of which was of diamonds with a bright red ruby in their midst. "It's handsome!" said Bab breaking the silence. "Yes, father gave it to me to take care of. He said he purchased it down in China-town." "But why doesn't he give it to you?" asked Bab. "Well, he probably has some very good reason for not doing so," rejoined Mary. Then the talk drifted into other channels and the pin was replaced on the table. The girls walked out into the conservatory, where they were kept busy arranging flowers and decorations for a masqued ball which was to be given later that evening in honor of the return of one of Mr. Seegar's friends from Europe.

After a time Mary, who was arranging flowers near the library, thought she would go in and take the pin upstairs. She opened the door, and walking over to the table uttered a little cry of amazement. The box in which the pin lay was gone! Would could have taken it! She had been near the library all the time and would have noticed if anyone had entered through the door. Running back she told Bab what had happened. Soon everything was in confusion. Servants ran hither and thither and every room was searched, but it was in vain; the pin could not be found. The guests were arriving and Bab and Mary were not yet in costume, so the hunt was abandoned until later.

The dance was going splendidly and Mary had almost forgotten

the episode, when Bab came up to her and drew her aside. "Come on-get your coat—I've a clew to your pin," and she held up a small Chinese coin which she had found near one of the French Windows in the library. They both ran down the steps and got into Bab's car, directing the chauffeur to go very fast and they finally drew up in front of a deserted looking house in China-town. The blinds were closed and the windows locked. They tried the door and it opened, and both girls slipped in, after directing the chauffeur to return to the house and by no means to tell where he had brought them.

Meanwhile Charles Mekenzie and Roddie Kimball who noticing the disappearance of the girls, and becoming alarmed, questioned the chauffeur. He replied that he did not know, but after a deal of coaxing and bribing, he directed them as best he could how to find the girls. They took Charles' car, and on the way Roddie exclaimed "Say, Mekenzie—by Jove! I've an idea the girls are after that lost pin. Do you remember how Mr. Seegar said he would give \$10,000 reward for the return of the pin. It must be awfully precious. I bet Mary felt responsible for its loss and was determined to get it back!

Bab and Mary had by this time reached the top of the second flight of stairs, and to their amazement were grabbed by two men who put them into a room and locked the door. The girls pounded on the door, but to no avail.

The two boys had entered the house, intent upon the tho't of finding the girls. They mounted the stairs, only to have the same thing happen to them that had befallen the girls. As it happened, they were put into a room directly under the one in which Mary and Bab were. Immediately they started tapping the walls. They were as solid as rock.

During this time Bab and Mary had not been idle. They had tried to pry apart a crack in the wall, and after a time succeeded, only to reveal an empty cupboard. Finally Bab began stamping around on the floor to see if there were any secret springs. The boys who were underneath, heard the noise, and looking up saw a spring pop out. Both sprang at it in hopes they could reach it before it went back into place. Charles grabbed it just in time and pulled, and to their surprise a ladder made of ropes came from under the boards and hung down. The boys both mounted and climbed to the top where they let themselves thru' into the room above by a trap door. The girls were very glad to see them but still they were

not free, and began looking around anew for prospects of getting out of there. Suddenly an idea struck Roddie and he seized the rope which they had used and cut it in half; then giving half to Charles, he told Mary to scream and for Bab to yell fire! The plan went off fine and in a few moments a chinaman appeared. He was jumped upon by Roddie, and Charles bound and gagged and lowered him into the room beneath. The four of them then made their way down the hall and were starting down the second flight of stairs, when the sound of voices reached them. They stopped, startled, in front of the door from which the sounds came. Looking thru' the key-hole they saw a number of men seated around a table and talking excitedly. Mary, Bab and Roddie listened while Charles went rummaging in search of a gun. "Well, hustle up and show us what it is and how ya got it!" growled one of the men who was not a chinaman. The one to whom he had spoken, took from his pocket a box and opened it. There was Mary's pin! At this moment Charles returned with two guns which he had found in a drawer of a cabinet in the hall, but Mary stopped them from bursting into the room. She said that she wanted to tell them something important. She explained how she and her father had obtained this pin from a curio man and that the inside was hollow. They had secured it for the service of the government and a paper of great value was hidden in it. "Well what does that have to do with you?" asked Roddie. "Just this," she answered, "I belong to the Secret Service and it means jail for both father and I, if it gets into the hands of those Chinamen." "Well, don't worry, it won't!" exclaimed Roddie, and bursting into the room he demanded the jewel of the startled chinamen. It was, after some hesitation, handed over, and slamming the door, the four adventurous young people rushed down the stairs and back to the Seegar home. Mr. Seegar presented the boys with \$5,000 apiece and he gave Mary and Bab twin sword-pins to remember the incident by. The girls claim they will never forget the adventure as long as they live.

Some Mottoes

You have not fulfilled every duty unless you have fulfilled that of being pleasant.

The man that everybody likes generally likes everybody.
Some people grow under responsibility; others merely swell.
Time for everything—everything in its time;
Place for everything—everything in its place;
Get on to your job and mind your own business.

The Return

Hanley ! O Hanley ! Yes he's back,
 Hitting the line with that awful whack ;
 Flooring his men with the same old vim,
 No matter how hard they whack at him !
 The line's again strengthened and like Gibraltar they stand
 While the tin-horns and bugles blow like a band ;
 And when the game's over and homeward we step;
 (No more wrist-watch Lizzies, but full of old " pep ",)
 We rooters are glad, and all rejoice,
 Thanking Mr. Abbott for his darn lucky choice !

H. M. '21

Our Team

We have a wonderful foot-ball team ;
 Have they power ? Just like steam !
 For instance, there's old stand-by, " Ike,"
 Who plays on the team with all his might ;
 Then Hanley—(we admire his eyes.)
 He's a good match for Montpelier guys ;
 Poor little Junk, no bigger than punk,
 He's there with the goods packed in a trunk !
 Then comes Patten with the team to go—
 He's from West Rutland, but even so !
 Freedom, too, is certainly fine,
 And Bellerose is surely beginning to shine !
 Radigan, Olney, " Slug " and Brock
 Make the team as reliable as a clock ;
 The others, too, are there with the play
 No matter what the Proctor bunch say,
 And if West Rutland wouldn't cancel their games,
 We could add just so much more honor to these names.

The Seniors love to plague us, and will ;
 Also do the Juniors with great skill ;
 The Sophomores have a lot to say—
 But the Freshmen will be right there some day !



Miss Newton:—"If you got the Kaiser, would you shoot him?"

Bright Freshie: "No, I'd send him to O'Brien for the slow cure;
 that's fate enough for anyone!"

Miss Collins (in Eng.):—"Why won't the Marsh Hawk let you smooth
 his feathers?"

"Bob" Adams:—"It's just the same with the Marsh Hawk as it
 would be if you had your hair all combed and didn't want
 any-one to touch it."

Miss C:—"You seem to know all about it, Mr. Adams!"

All was quiet in room 15, when suddenly from somewhere (not in the
 room) a child was heard crying, "Mamma, Oh, I want my
 mamma!" One Senior looked at the other and smiling, said
 "Sounds as though one of our little Freshmen was lost again!"

If you have an idle moment
 And your time begins to lag,
 Just write a little limerick
 For the High School Oread.
 '21

Brilliant Freshman:—"Heaven is 280°!" (Pretty hot for Heaven.)

Little Ge-rge Bu-t-rfly had a very bad cold, and sat sniffing until the
 lady next to him could endure it no longer. "Little boy,"
 she said, "havent you a handkerchief?" Georgie looked at her
 indignantly for a minute, then answered haughtily: "Yes but
 I don't lend it to strangers"

Miss Collins:—"—And so COLA means small?"

R. Butler:—"Then does cocoa-cola mean small head?"

1st Freshie:—"How do a cat and dog act when they get together?"

2nd Freshie:—"I don't know, how?"

1st Freshie:—"Just as though they were married!"

Peck (in Latin), trying to think of an ending for "video" in the voice Miss T. had called for: "Vide"—(long pause-then) "beer," he finally finished. Then someone said, "I wonder if he's thirsty!"

1st Freshie:—"Who told you you could dance?"

2nd Freshie:—"Saint Vitus!"

Sullivan:—"Did you know Theda Bara had a brother?"

Jim Hanley:—"No, what's his name?"

Sullivan:—"Paul Bara—(paulbearer.)"

Olney:—"Where's the dance tonight; Kramer?"

Kramer:—"What d'ya think I am, a walking bulletin board!"

Watkins:—"Did you ever think of what you'd do if you had Rockefeller's money?"

Bucklin:—"No but I've often wondered what Rockefeller'd do if he had mine!"

Freedom (looking up from a paper):—"Say, the aluminum workers are on a strike!"

Brock:—"Ever-Wear Aluminum?"

Freedom:—"No, did you?"

Archer:—"Won't you join me in a cup of tea?"

Tiny Ste-r-s:—"No, both of us can't fit in a cup of tea!"

THOSE LITTLE SLIPS

Little drops of water
Frozen on the walk
Make the naughty adjectives
Mix in people's talk.

"Bob" Jerry:—"Do you know why there aren't many Jewish ball-players?"

2nd Freshie:—"No, why?"

"Bob" Jerry:—"Well, a good Jew wouldn't step on a diamond!"

1st Freshie:—"Did you hear "Sammy" swear?"

2nd Freshie:—"Awful; what did he say?"

Him:—"Geraldine, if I were to throw you a kiss what would you say?"

She:—"That you were the laziest man I ever saw."

1st Freshie:—"Can you speak Spanish?"

2nd Freshie:—"Sure"

1st. Freshie:—"Lets hear you say something."

2nd Freshie:—"Ponce de Leon."

Fond Husband:—"Look, dear, our baby is old enough to eat."

Indignant Wife (picking up the child):—"You cannibal!"

Raleigh:—"I have at last thought of a job I think I would like."

Hulihan:—"And what is it?"

Ralegh:—"Lineman in a wireless telegraph company."

Hulihan:—"I know a better one than that."

Raleigh:—"What is it?"

Hulihan:—"Deck hand on a submarine! (Whoops-time!)"

NEW SONGS AND SAYINGS.

"Over there" (Dunn Hall) G. Lee

"Tunk last night" "Hock"

"I ain't got nobody" V. Tucker

"Off that stuff, kid!" "Ike"

"I love—love—" "Ham"

"Chase me, I'm a butterfly" Hartigan

"Naughty, naughty, naughty" "Bobbie"

"Lead me to Loveland" "Kay"

"They're crazy over me" Billie W.

A man lost a \$5.00 bill. When he missed it he said, "Just my luck!"

A man found a \$5.00 bill. When he grabbed it he said, "Just my luck!"

Moral: It was the same bill.

At a dance recently.

Parker:—"Isn't Weiss light on his feet?"

Kramer:—"He'll light on his head if he runs into me again."

"Bucklin is going to a correspondence school of fussing."

Handley:—"Gee! I have an idea."

Rice:—"Treat it kindly it's a stranger"

Ramp:—"Do you think "Punk Hammond is absent minded?"

Wade:—"Well, I remember one time he thought he'd lost his watch at school and he took it out of his pocket to see if he had time to go back and get it. I should say that he was a little absent minded!"

"Slug" and "Jim" surely do enjoy that family album!

Ramp:—"I had a thousand men under me this summer."

Hindley:—"Yes, he was cutting grass in a cemetery"

Lee (at Depot) "Where does this train go to?"

Brakeman:—"This train goes to Montreal in ten minutes."

Lee:—"Gee, thats going some!"

RUTLAND 45 FORT EDWARD 0

Shortly after mid-day on Saturday the third of this month our big guns" that is to say Rice, Olney, Freedom and Hindley in the "Baxter Sector" opened up a fierce offensive on our enemies, the Fort Edward High Schoolites which lasted for nearly an hour. The "attack" was early pronounced extremely successful by observers, but not until the smoke of the battle had cleared away was it determined that our forces had gained 355 yards, netting us only an insignificant total of 45 points.

Not enough? Then let us go further to state that at this point our worthy officials, Dolphin and Hyland, who had spent the best part of the last hour racing madly up and down the field, called a halt and after a hurried consultation refused absolutely to act in their former capacities unless some means of transportation was provided them. An urgent call for "flivvers" was immediately sent out o'er the field but with no avail, Hock Olney and brother Hendee having purposely left their "petrol wagons" at home, consequently the game was called without further ado and all left the "arena" in tears. Tuff Luk!

Enough Nonsense. Eh Bien, then let us terminate our narration with the statement that the prize for good sportsmanship was duly awarded to Fort Edward High School, that the medal for "first aid" work was delivered to "Chick" Baldwin, whose timely assistance saved the cheering squad and, finally, that the cup for "meekness" became the property of Martha Butler, for she spoke not a word. (One black Lie).

RUTLAND 13 MONTPELIER SEMINARY 0

R. H. S. received her first real taste of football Saturday, November, 10, to be precise, at 3.30 o'clock in the afternoon when, without a word of warning no less than eleven and one wild and ferocious beings, who, it is reported roam unharassed throughout the wilds of the northern section of the state, descended in full force upon our twenty odd hastily assembled compatriots on St. Peter's field and thereupon was begun a battle royal.

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At first, many of our heretofore staunch supporters held up their hands in despair and prophesied nothing more, at best, than a massacre of the Rutland Crew, but later, as the uproar lessened, departed confidence returned in abundance for at this moment the "Irish Brigade" headed by one A. Rice commenced its work with disastrous results for the "Capitoline" outfit. Alas for Montpelier, her fate was then sealed. True to tradition "Abie" secured his regular quota of two touchdowns and what is more, "Jim" Hanley who made his season's debut, not to be outshone by his brilliant team-mate proceeded to add another point to our already ample score by kicking a goal. Three cheers for the "House of Hanley" may its "shining light" never become dim.

But wait! The cheering squad, 1917 model of course, also made their first scheduled appearance and with what success, all have heard. We hereby make the motion that the portrait of C. C. Baldwin be added to the goodly number of heroes in our own "Hall of Fame".

ONE MORE LAP IN THE PENNANT RACE.

RUTLAND 16 PROCTOR 6

R. H. S. wound up her football season Wednesday, Nov. 14 with a slight jar at Proctor, U. S. A. The jar was occasioned by an 11th hour rally in the Proctor camp in the form of a touchdown by "Ratty" Ratti which nearly made the wearers of the red start something. Not so, however, for at this exciting moment the air was pierced by the heartrending screech of "H. R. K's." whistle which had the same effect on the participants that "Cheese It, De Cop" would under somewhat different conditions.

Rutland started scoring in the first period when Bellerose outstripped his opponents to the extent of a touchdown. After this the "Meadow Street" delegation in the person of James H. M. S. Hanley S. O. S., got going. "Jim", to be more familiar, got in back of Proctor's goal at the time when Bellerose's act was pulled off and liking the looks of his "surroundings", especially one with "auburn" hair, decided to stay awhile. Later, rumour even has it, that he had

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dropped off into one of his periodical dozes when he was suddenly awakened by the sound of Brock's none too gentle voice with an entreaty to muckle on to the ball; hats off to James for he did it and thereby saved not only the day but his head.

Again and finally in the third period the 'fore mentioned was placed in the lime light by a species of crimes known in "high" circles as a "safety" which he committed against one Dockler, half-back No. 1 on the P. H. S. outfit the miraculous outcomes of which were the scoring of two points for Rutland and the fact that J. H. didn't get "pinched" in the act. Jim is now getting so that he believes that one streak of hard luck necessarily implies another.

With the ending of the football season the attention of all is naturally directed towards the possibilities of turning out another championship team in the basket-ball line. The chances are good, we think, for have we not with us Capt. "Slug" Sullivan, "Ike" Hulihan, "Abie" Rice, "Hock" Olney and "Jim" Hanley all of whom were on last years' "Whirlwind" team which swept practically everything before it? Then too we cant overlook "Chaude" Watkins, "Grennie" Bucklin, "King" Brobel, "Julie" Knox, "Kid" Keith, and lastly "Jonathan" G. Parker all of whom have expressed their intentions of lining up with the team for its first practice sometime in the early part of December. All of the fore mentioned are familiar to us with the one exception of "King" however, who it is reported was the whole team over in York State; if this is true can't but see that he will prove a valuable acquisition to this years' outfit.

Doubtlessly everyone is familiar with the fact that the team will be coached by our worthy executive of last season, Harold I. O'Brien while the management will be intrusted to the well known "live-wire" Joe Ramp who exhibited his ability last season by running the team in the absence of "Billie" Kilborn. "Joe" has already made arrangements for a game with Scotia (N. Y.) High School to be played in the Community House Dec. 15 and one with Glens Falls

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High School quintet in the same hall Jan. 4. In addition to these he has made partial arrangements to meet teams representing St. Michael's College, Burr and Burton Seminary and Cambridge (N. Y.) High Schools.

RUTLAND 6

BRATTLEBORO 20

R. H. S. received her first, last and only defeat of the season Saturday, November 24, at Bellows Falls at the hands of the Brattleboro High School eleven and accordingly forfeited to them our right to the much contested title of "State Champions" And thus ended the sad, sad story of the Championship of the State of Vermont. Rutland lost not because of over-confidence or the "crippled" condition of the team but rather because of the fact that Brattleboro was just that much better than we. And that is all.

The football season is thus ended and we are not alone in the belief that it has been by far the most successful in many years. The football team itself has furnished no less than three men, Hunt, Hindley and Patten, for the defence of the country, a record of which we are justly proud. Better luck next year?

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